

THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF  
SIR GEORGE WARRINGTON;  
OR THE  
POLITICAL QUIXOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE *FEMALE QUIXOTE*.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.  
V O L. III.

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PRINTED FOR J. BELL, OXFORD-STREET.  
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HISTORICAL

OF

SIR GEORGE WASHINGTON

OF

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

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## CHAP. I.

**B**EFORE our hero went to Portman-square, he called at his former lodgings, to enquire for the servant who had attended him during his residence in town. The man was engaged; but the master of the house informed him "he knew another whom he could recommend in every respect." Sir George agreed to take him, and desired he might follow him to Lord Milbanke's, where accordingly he arrived that evening; and our hero being much pleased

VOL. III.

B

with

with his appearance, and finding him at once steady, active, and diligent, determined to engage him as a regular servant. On asking him if he would be willing to leave London, and reside with him in Northumberland, the man replied, "he would follow him with pleasure any whither; but that Northumberland was his native county, and he should most truly rejoice to return to it."

"To what part of it do you belong?" said Sir George.

"To Warrington, your honour; farmer Bever, your tenant, is my father."

"I am

“I am very glad I happened to meet with you,” said Sir George; “your father is as honest a man as any in the village, and I shall be happy to have one of his family in my service. But how came you to be disengaged?”

“I am afraid, Sir,” returned the man, “if I tell you I left my last place in disgrace as it were, you will have a bad opinion of me; but indeed I was not to blame: if you will hear the whole story, I am sure you will think so.”

Sir George replied, “Very willingly;” and the servant began:

B 2

“I lived

“ I lived several years with Mrs. Barclay in her first husband’s time ; and, when she married Mr. Saxby and went abroad, she chose me out of the family as her attendant.”

“ Mr. Saxby !” interrupted our hero with surprise and emotion—  
“ Did you live with him ?”

“ Yes, Sir,” said the man, astonished at his vehemence.

“ Well then, go on,” cried Sir George.

The fellow obeyed ; and mentioned his meeting with Louisa Moreland,

land, her distress, and his contriving with Lucy Clerke to bring her as far as Montreuil, word for word as Louisa had herself related it, and went on thus :

“ At Montreuil we were to stay some weeks; and in the mean time I had the pleasure of seeing the young lady set off for England, with two nuns who had been turned out of their convent; and very glad I was. But, as ill-luck would have it, somehow or other my mistress discovered what we had done; and being, poor lady! a little jealous, though indeed she has some reason for it, could not be persuaded that we did it out of

compassion, but fancied Master had some hand in it. She was, therefore, so angry with Lucy and myself, that she said ' she would not keep us a minute after we got to London, and that we might think ourselves very well off that she did not turn us adrift upon foreign ground.' So we were discharged here, and Mr. and Mrs. Saxby went down to Barclay Manor. To be sure, I was very sorry, as I wanted to see my father and mother when I had been away so long : but I did not like to go down and say I had been turned off, but wished to get me a place here ; and if your honour takes me as your servant, I shall be very proud indeed,  
and

and can shew my face at Warrington with the greater pleasure because I've bettered myself by the exchange."

Sir George, who knew the truth of all he had asserted, was extremely pleased at having gained an attendant of whose principles he had so high an opinion; at the same time felt gratified by the conviction that he had not been wholly imposed upon, since Louisa's story was no fiction, however strangely she had since derogated from her natural character. He now told James "he had acted like a humane and benevolent man, and that he should be no loser;"

and then enquired where his fellow-servant was.

James replied—"With an aunt in the Borough, waiting till she could get a place." A summons to dinner now put an end to their conversation for the present; and Sir George went down stairs, more than ever perplexed how to reconcile the inconsistencies in Louisa's character. At table he observed Lady Milbanke was uncommonly dejected; and, when she left the gentlemen over their wine, he expressed his fears that she was ill. "No," replied his Lordship, "not ill, but grieved at the result of an enquiry we made this morning for her

her niece, whom she expected from France, as we have reason to fear her situation is very forlorn, but can obtain no certain intelligence."

"May I ask the particulars?" said our hero.

Certainly," returned Lord Milbanke. "About twelve or fourteen years ago, and just before we were married, Sophia's half brother Mr. Moreland went abroad to reside, enraged at the loss of a law-suit, and extremely angry with his sister because she refused to give her evidence in his favour, though justice forbade it; for, in conscience, had she

said any thing in court, it would have  
 been against him, as she was tho-  
 roughly convinced his cause was not  
 a just one. In consequence of this  
 dispute, he kept up no correspondence  
 with her ; but we occasionally heard  
 of him from those of our acquaint-  
 ance who went through ——; and  
 learnt that he lived wholly a recluse  
 from the world, and had placed his  
 daughter as a boarder in a convent ;  
 and we some time since were inform-  
 ed of his death, and that she meant  
 to remain in the same situation.  
 Lady Milbanke then, at my particu-  
 lar request, wrote to offer her an asy-  
 lum with us ; but we have too much  
 reason to fear the letter never reached  
 her,

her, as about that time the convent was destroyed, and all its unfortunate inhabitants turned loose on the wide world. On hearing this, we made a point of enquiring for our young relation among the emigrants who hourly flocked to London, and at last were fortunate enough to meet with some ladies who had belonged to the same convent, and learnt Louisa Moreland had refused to accompany them, because she would not leave the Abbess, who was then in a very ill state of health. We then wrote to her again, but received no answer, and continued in the most uneasy state of solicitude. A few days since we were accidentally in

company with a Madame St. Val from Montreuil, who informed us that herself and a friend had been accompanied to England by a Miss Moreland, who, on their arrival in town, had taken a place in one of the northern stages, with an intention to go as far as ———, where she told them her former nurse resided, who, she was assured, would receive and protect her. On learning this, we instantly dispatched a servant to ———, who returned this morning, and said ‘no lady of that name or description had been seen in the village, and that the farmer whom Madame St. Val had mentioned was dead as well as his wife.’

This

This is the real cause of Lady Milbanke's dejection, as the uncertainty of Louisa's situation, so young and, as we are told, extremely handsome, fills her with a thousand apprehensions for her safety. Various are the temptations she may meet with, and, strangers as we are to her mind and principles, who can tell whether she may have power to resist them!"

Sir George assented to this with a deep sigh, for he too well knew they had not assailed her in vain; conscious, from the beginning of the story, Lady Milbanke's niece and his once beloved Louisa were the same. Indeed he had with difficulty  
concealed

concealed his emotions during the recital ; but his uncle attributed them wholly to compassion, and loved him the better for the interest he had taken in the unknown Louisa.

At supper the conversation was renewed, and Lady Milbanke expressed the tenderest concern for her lost niece. Sir George, agitated as he was, did not let fall an expression that could give them an idea he had any knowledge of her—too sensible his information would only add to her uneasiness : and unwilling, if they should meet, to prejudice them in her disfavour, at the same time determined, on his return to the country,

try, to visit Mrs. Edgeworth, and if possible learn from her where Miss Moreland now was, and then give her information where she might gain a certain asylum if her behaviour entitled her to protection. He now saw those features in Lady Milbanke which he had so much admired at his first introduction to her, were exactly resembling those of her niece, and that they had both the same beautiful turn of countenance, the same brilliant and expressive eyes.

Several days passed away very pleasantly. Our hero was in a new world, where every thing was delightful,

lightful, and the society superior to any he had ever before enjoyed; as Lord and Lady Milbanke rather sought a pleasant than a general acquaintance—men of wit and brilliancy, but not men of the world—women of fashion, but not women of levity—those whose manners had received the highest polish; not that polish which destroys the intrinsic value of the metal, but that which adds to it—where virtue was not thrown aside as an old-fashioned garment, but only so well adorned as to appear like a new and becoming habit. Politics in these parties were a subject seldom started; and at home Lord Milbanke cautiously avoided

avoided it, guessing the sentiments of our hero were like those of his father, and rather wishing he should be converted by a better knowledge of the world, than by the mere force of arguments he felt unwilling to employ lest they should prove unsuccessful ; and Sir George concealed his principles, from a certainty that they would not meet with his uncle's approbation.

One evening, when Lord Milbanke, from a particular engagement, had not seen our hero during the day, he addressed him on their first meeting thus, but with a smile :  
 “ Sir George, what are you about  
 in

in London?—I am afraid, going on in a bad way, since you are obliged to sell or pawn your plate.”

“ Pawn my plate !” returned he laughing, “ That would be a bad story indeed. You must not, my dear Sir, continue to countenance me if this be true ; but, jesting apart, what is it you mean ?”

“ Well then,” said his Lordship, “ you shall have the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You must know there is a young man whom I have assisted to the utmost of my power, but I fear with little effect ; since the rage of gambling  
has

has seized him, and, unless he speedily reforms, must reduce him to poverty. This morning I received a very penitential letter from him, informing me he was reduced to his last shilling, and had even pawned his watch for immediate support. Infinitely shocked at this (for his father was a brave officer, belonging to the regiment I was once in), I resolved to make one more effort to preserve him, and accordingly called at his lodgings, where I found all he had told me was too true. I gave him sufficient for his present necessity, and then bade him go with me to the pawnbroker's to redeem his watch, that I might not be imposed on. Having completed  
this

this business, I accidentally cast my eyes on an immense silver tankard, and discovered the Warrington and Milbanke arms quartered; and this convinced me the cup belonged to your family. I asked the man carelessly from whence he had it; and the hesitation in his manner when he replied, assured me it had not been obtained honestly. Tell me, have you lost such a thing?"

Sir George during this speech had been so much agitated, that he thought it prudent to disclose the reason as far as it was in his power, without mentioning Louisa.

“ Frankly

“ Frankly then,” returned he, “ I will tell you all. I have not lost the cup ; but it was given by my father, when I was christened, to Mr. Thomson, the Vicar of Warrington, since my tutor : from him it has been stolen, and I acknowledge through my means.”

“ What !” interrupted his Lordship, “ did you hire any body to *recover* it ?”

“ No indeed,” cried Sir George laughing ; “ but, deceived by a tale of distress, I recommended a person to the attention of Mr. Thomson,  
who

who repaid his care with the blackest ingratitude, taking an opportunity of carrying off not only that but several other things of real value; and I am particularly glad of this intelligence, as I will go to-morrow to the pawnbroker's, and regain all I can."

“And will you not prosecute the villain, if you can find him?” said Lord Milbanke.

“Certainly,” replied our hero faintly; “but I am sure I shall not meet with him. Indeed I have been deeply imposed upon; and it was the  
2 recollection

recollection of this that caused the confusion you witnessed when you began your story."

Lord Milbanke now saw the subject pained him, though why he could not guess, and instantly turned the conversation.

The next morning our hero went to the pawnbroker's, and, instantly discovering what he was in search of, asked the man how it came in his possession. He replied, "It was left there to be sold with several other things by a young lady whose name he was not at liberty to mention."

"Let

“ Let me see them,” cried Sir George.

The fellow obeyed, and produced every article of any value that had been taken from Warrington, except the necklace and ear-rings, which he said “ he expected home every hour, as they were only let out to a lady to appear in at the play the evening before.” Our hero then enquired their price, and found it, though far below their real value, as much beyond what he thought proper to bestow on a worthless woman ; and therefore, requesting a pen and ink, wrote the following note :

“ Sir

“ Sir George Warrington will leave ten guineas with the master of this shop, for the several articles brought from Warrington and its neighbourhood, if the owner will part with them on these terms; if not, he will apply to a justice of the peace, and take legal measures to recover them.”

This he gave to the man, desiring it might be immediately delivered to the young lady he spoke of, and then left the house. On returning the next morning, he was informed the things should be all restored on his paying the promised sum.

This he complied with ; and seeing them properly packed up, for which he bestowed a farther gratuity, called a hackney-coach, and conveyed them safely to his uncle's house, who sincerely rejoiced in his success. A few days after this event, he was obliged to take an abrupt leave of his amiable relations, receiving a hasty summons from Mr. Davenport, which he knew not how to refuse. But he did not quit London, till he heard from Mr. Thomson that the valuable packet he had sent was arrived at Warrington, and the different articles it contained restored to their proper

( 27 )

per owners, nor without promising again to visit Portman-square once more before his return to Northumberland.

## C H A P. II.

OUR hero had scarcely paid his first compliments at Violet Hill, when he began to relate the various occurrences he had met with in town, so eager was he to vindicate the character of Louisa from some of the crimes it was charged with, as well as to defend his own penetration: “for,” added he, “all she told me of her previous history must be true, since it has been confirmed by two persons, one of whom at least is a woman of undoubted veracity, and  
the

the other could have no motive for asserting a falsehood."

To his great surprise, whilst relating these circumstances, he observed Rosetta and Fidelia look at each other in great confusion; and, when he spoke of his intention of visiting Mrs. Edgeworth, Fidelia replied very eagerly :—" That, Sir George, must be deferred—Mrs. Edgeworth is not in the country."

" When she returns, I can take an opportunity of calling on her," replied our hero coldly; and, turning to Miss Wilmot, saw in her countenance marks of surprise that asto-

nished and perplexed him ; but he had no time to enter farther on the subject, as at that moment Mr. Davenport entered, and of course the conversation took another turn.

With much art that gentleman hinted to our hero the good effect his remonstrances would probably have on Mr. Annesley, and advised him not to delay his application beyond the following day, as the manufacturers were all ready to attend him. Our hero replied, " he was perfectly at leisure, and would meet them in New Barn Lane, the place of rendezvous, at ten o'clock." Mr. Davenport, delighted at gaining his point,

point, having feared so many days residence with his aristocratic relation might have occasioned a revolution in his sentiments, now took leave, promising the men should be punctual: and our hero retired, with no other idea than that he should rise to perform a glorious and noble action, in which his own courage and abilities would be called forth for the universal good of mankind; and in this disposition he met the family at breakfast. Myrtilla looked at him with a mixture of grief and pity; but the other young ladies were too much devoted to themselves ever to bestow a thought on him with which

their own immediate interest was not connected.

At a quarter before ten his horse was brought him, and, mounting it instantly, he soon reached New Barn Lane, where the men were all assembled before him. They received him with three cheers ; and one going before as a guide, the rest followed our hero's horse ; and they proceeded for two miles towards Mr. Annesley's in a regular and quiet manner, when, going through a gate, they perceived at a distance three men guarding another, whose hands were tied in a way that implied his villany. When they met,

met, Sir George's party demanded the cause of his captivity, and were told by one of the constables, " he was a famous poacher who had been convicted on Mr. Saville's manor, and was now going to gaol."—"What!" cried the foremost, "suffer a man to go to gaol for taking a hare or a pheasant! No no, we are liberty and equality men, and will rescue him from your tyranny."

At these words, they all attacked his conductors; the poacher was soon released; who joined his friends gladly in tying the two constables to a tree, whilst the other fellow, who

had been witness of the fact, and was his accuser, took to his heels and ran off with all possible expedition.

Sir George, though he felt something ashamed of thus heading a party who were violating the laws of their country, and would not join them in their attack, knew not how to oppose it, because he had always considered the game-laws as too strict; and indeed, since the new opinions he had taken up had permitted his manor to be open to every person, poor as well as rich, he only remonstrated on their cruelty to the constables; for he was ignorant  
that

that the man was a hardened villain, and an offender in many other instances.

They replied, "The constables deserved much more;" and then having listened to the poacher's story, who, like the rest of the world when they are their own biographers, placed his character in the most favourable point of view, began to imagine Mr. Saville was the most unjust and cruel man in the world, and declared "they would go to his house, and give him a lesson before they proceeded to Mr. Annesley's." Our hero objected to this: but the multitude prevailed; and he merely con-

sented from a hope of being able to see Mr. Saville, who was a stranger to him, and apologize for the conduct of his attendants in releasing the man he had committed to justice. The poacher led the way, and, at the end of five additional miles, they arrived in sight of his house. At the entrance of a field near it, they met two servants; and, on enquiring for their master, one said, "He was at home;" but the other denied it. Fancying the last who spoke had not said the truth, the men insisted on seeing him, and declared, "if he did not come out to them, they would enter the house forcibly, and set it on fire." The servants  
begged

begged for God's sake they would use no violence, for that their lady was lately brought to bed. The ringleader of this party replied with a brutal oath : " They cared not, and would put their threat in execution, if their master did not come out."

The servants then ran towards the house, and said " he should come to them," but entreated they would stay where they were : but this they did not choose to comply with, and moved on till they were within fifty yards of the great door, in spite of Sir George, who, infinitely shocked at their conduct, used entreaties, remonstrances, threats, and bribes, in

vain. They had all pushed before him ; but he followed close, in hopes he might at last persuade them to give up these horrid measures, and retire peaceably. To this effect he harangued them, representing with such force the cruelty of their intended conduct, that five or six joined him, and, going on his side, declared “ they would fight with him till the last drop of their blood was shed in his service.” The rest, who were more daring fellows, exasperated at this, became only more desperate, and swore, if Mr. Saville did not appear, the house should be burnt without mercy. They were now close by the railing that parted the  
small

small lawn before the door from the paddock, but, in listening and replying to Sir George, had turned their backs to the gate, and appeared rather as if defending it from his assaults than intending to enter themselves.

In the mean time the servants had alarmed the family. Mr. Saville was really absent; but Mrs. Saville's brother, Captain Montague, being informed a party of villains headed by a gentleman were coming to attack the house, in consequence of his brother's having committed a poacher to justice, took down his sword and pistols, and, accompanied by

by a dragoon soldier his servant, and those of the family, all armed as well as the short time would permit, sallied forth to repel the intruders. Just as they were coming round a back-way, they met a country lad who on the first alarm had been sent out as a spy to reconnoitre, and from him learnt the party was divided, and some of them had taken his master's part. This was good news, as the Captain's company was not so strong but they required a reinforcement; and still pursuing their first plan, went out through the stables, and met the other party in the field.

Unfortunately Sir George had been  
told

told by Mr. Davenport, as an incitement to his courage, that there were several gentlemen who would gladly join him, did they once know his intentions with respect to the general equality of mankind; and, not having observed from whence Captain Montague came, concluded, in the confusion of his spirits, that he was an auxiliary to the opposite party; but his resolution of defending the unfortunate Savilles was not damped by the increase of his enemies. His countenance glowing with the ardour he felt in the real cause of humanity, his eyes sparkling with honest indignation, he thus addressed the men who were still leaning against the

the

the gates, pouring out threats and imprecations :

“ I insist on your opposing me no longer ; yield to me this moment, or by Heaven you shall all feel the fullest weight of my resentment. Depart quietly, and let me enter the gates ; Mr. Saville shall then know—”

Here he was unhappily interrupted by the Captain, who, arriving at that instant, and judging, from his speech as well as his position, he was about to make a forcible entry, struck him a blow with the flat side of his hanger that almost beat him from his

his horse. The opposite party, equally misled, supposing the Captain on their side, exclaimed unanimously, "Huzza! we have now an addition, and will conquer."

Sir George, recovering, exclaimed resentfully, "This is not to be borne!" and then asked Captain Montague, in a determined tone, what he meant by his conduct, and why he thus opposed the cause of virtue and humanity?

Too much enraged to hear reason, and taking all that was said in a wrong sense, he replied furiously: "Whoever you are, you are a scandal

dal to the name of man ; and I shall answer no impertinent questions. Be assured, I have good reasons for what I do, and can answer my conduct, both to my judgment and my conscience : that is more than you can do ; but we waste time. I would with pleasure head these honest fellows, but wish to expose the life of no individual ; as for my own I care not, but will gladly lay it down, if Heaven so choose, in the defence of all most dear to me."

"Come on then," cried Sir George warmly. Captain Montague gave him a pistol, and he fired without effect. The other returned the fire,  
and

and the ball entering his side, he fell at once to the ground apparently dead.

The humanity of the Captain was now much shocked at the idea of having so suddenly deprived a fellow creature of existence, and that too at a moment, as he believed, when he was rashly committing crimes, the extent of which no one could judge. He ordered his man to carry him into the house, and sent instantly for a surgeon. The servant obeyed; and the few adherents of Sir George stood irresolute, dismayed, and alarmed at his fate; whilst the opposite party exultingly cried out,  
“ Now

“ Now we have this brave gentleman at our head, and the other is done for, we will go and set the house on fire this moment.”

“ Set the house on fire! What house?” exclaimed the Captain.

“ Why, 'squire Saville's, to be sure,” cried the ringleader; “ that was what we came for, but that there gentleman would not let us; but now he's gone, we will break down the gates, and have at them; so come on, come on, my boys.”

“ Stay, villains,” interrupted Captain Montague, “ and tell me what  
motive

motive induces you to commit this act of outrage? What redress do you ask? For what injury of my brother's do you seek revenge?"

One of the men who had been convinced by Sir George's arguments now came forward, and, desiring silence, explained the whole affair in a manner tolerably clear; placed the conduct of our hero in a right point of view, and made Captain Montague understand his own fatal misapprehension. But he had no time to reflect on the unhappy consequences; for the men became outrageous, and he was obliged to exert himself and rally his own party; when they were suddenly

suddenly relieved by the sight of another at a little distance, all of whom he knew would be on his side, as they were led by the footman, who had previously escaped on the first attack, and had raised the inhabitants of a neighbouring village. By the assistance of these, the villains were soon dispersed, and the ring-leaders seized and committed to justice. Captain Montague exerted himself vigorously, and with such success, that in a short time the field was cleared, many of the wretches secured, and the rest ran away. Those who had previously repented of their intended outrage went quietly to their own homes, but not till they had

had learned that Sir George shewed some signs of life, though his recovery was yet extremely doubtful.

Captain Montague, when his immediate fears for his sister's family were removed, was agonized with remorse and horror at the reflection of having too probably killed the man who was nobly risking his own life for their safety and defence. He enquired his name of some of the people ; and, learning he was Sir George Warrington, his grief increased almost to phrensy. He flew into the house, and, meeting the surgeon, asked his real opinion. That was little calculated to relieve his

mind: he said " his recovery was so doubtful, he thought his friends ought to be immediately informed of his situation; that the ball had indeed happily missed his lungs; but the effusion of blood had been so violent, that, though the wound in itself was not mortal, he could not answer for his recovery."

Distracted at this intelligence, he called for his horse, and, instantly riding over to Violet Hill, related to the family the melancholy events of the day, and the unhappy part he had taken in them, and voluntarily offered to surrender himself to justice. Mr. Wilmot was deeply shocked at  
the

the consequences of his young friend's undertaking the cause suggested by Mr. Davenport, which in his heart he had never approved, though he allowed its justice; and resolved immediately to set off for Saville House, from whence it was impossible to remove Sir George, and judge himself of his situation. He was accompanied by James Bever, who was extremely concerned on learning the accident that had befallen his master.

Mrs. Wilmot said, "It was a great pity so fine a young man should be thus cut off in the prime of life." Rosetta fobbed—Fidelia fainted, or

D 2 pretended

pretended to faint—but Myrtilla felt deeply, secretly, and doubly: a thousand anxieties preyed on her mind, which she dared not reveal; for she had no confidante in her own family, and her favourite friend was at a distance which precluded all communication but by letter. Captain Montague was too anxious for our hero to remain longer at the Hill when he had the ladies a little recovered. Myrtilla followed him to the door, where he mounted his horse: she attempted to speak, but could not; and again bursting into tears, a servant appearing at that moment, she returned to the parlour; but, disgusted by her mother's insensibility and her sisters' affectation,

affectation, retired hastily to her own room, where she indulged without restraint the grief and horror that tormented her mind.

## C H A P. III.

CAPTAIN Montague, on his arrival at home, heard that Mr. Wilmot was sitting by his wounded friend, who was fallen into a happy slumber that promised relief and amendment. He then went to his sister's chamber, which fortunately was not in the front of the house; and great care having been taken by her immediate attendants, she knew nothing of the confusion and terror they had been in till it was wholly subsided; and then was only told  
such

such particulars as it was necessary she should be informed of, to account for the bustle the arrival of the surgeon and the accommodating our hero had occasioned. Her brother now related some farther circumstances, and hinted a wish, though Miss Wilmot was unknown to her, that she would invite her to the house, alleging that between her and the wounded man, to whom every attention was due, there subsisted a real friendship; and that consequently her presence would contribute to his comfort, and perhaps hasten his recovery. Mrs. Saville the more readily assented as she meant to go down stairs the following day; and

the message was sent by Mr. Wilmot, to whom the same compliment was paid ; but he declined it. Captain Montague then re-urged his request, and added, that Mrs. Saville, who was wholly a stranger in that country, having only been there a few days previous to her confinement, would be happy in that opportunity of cultivating the friendship of a family so amiable and so respected as that at Violet Hill.

Here Captain Montague for once acted like a man of the world : for the family at Violet Hill he cared nothing ; but for one individual of it he felt all that a lover can feel ;  
how

how much that is, I leave to be decided by the younger part of my female readers. In fact, to make a mystery no longer of what there is no real reason for concealing, Captain Montague was the incognito admirer of Myrtilla Wilmot: but, a stranger to the rest of her family, he had persuaded his sister to accept the offer made by her husband's eldest brother, on his going abroad for his lady's health, to reside in their house during their absence, that he might form an acquaintance with them, and perhaps influence Mr. Wilmot in his favour. Mr. Edward Saville, in compliance with his wife's request, consented to take up his abode in ——

shire for some months; but, being detained in town by law business, had been there but a few days when the poacher was committed by his orders. Captain Montague, obtaining leave of absence from his regiment, had arrived only the night before; therefore had no opportunity of informing Miss Wilmot, though she was previously acquainted with his plan, and had urged her mother with unusual earnestness to wait on Mrs. Saville. But Mrs. Wilmot always replied, "It was too far—she would not take the trouble of visiting at such a distance;" and Myrtille could not go without her. Of course the invitation which Mr. Wilmot delivered,

livered; and which he as well as her mother consented she should accept, filled her heart with a degree of hope and joy ; and the more as it had been torn by the knowledge of Sir George Warrington's danger, whom she sincerely esteemed, and her consequent fears for her beloved Montague, whose safety, she concluded, depended on the life of our hero.

Mrs. Saville was prepared to esteem and love her ; and, on her arrival the next morning, she met with the most cordial reception from all the family but our unfortunate hero, who was yet insensible to all that passed. Towards evening, however, he revived ;

D 6

and

and the surgeon gave more hopes of him than he had yet done. A quiet night and the unremitted attention of Captain Montague and Mr. Saville, with the occasional presence of Myrtila, all contributed to restore him; and in a few days he was pronounced not merely out of danger, but in a fair way of recovery.

Lord Milbanke, who had been sent for immediately on the accident, now took leave for some time, as he was obliged to attend parliament, but chose not to quit his nephew whilst he remained so extremely ill. Between Mrs. Saville and Myrtila a real friendship was soon formed; their  
minds

minds were similar, their hearts equally excellent, and their understandings equally cultivated. Mr. Saville, who was a most amiable man, saw this with pleasure, and promised Captain Montague he would himself undertake to speak for him to Mr. Wilmot, who, he doubted not, would consent to give him his daughter, as he had very good interest in his professional line—an independent, though not a large fortune—and was certain of an addition to it on the death of an old lady his great-aunt, whose jointure was entailed on him. The family all united in their attentions to our hero, who was now able to sit up and enjoy their conversation some  
part

part of every day ; and, as he continued to mend, their little circle became extremely cheerful.

Mr. Saville and Captain Montague discovered, on their farther acquaintance, that Sir George possessed an excellent heart and a superior understanding, and wished to remove those prejudices, which obscured his virtues and made every good quality subservient to their own purposes. To effect this, they laid in his way those publications they thought most proper for their plan, and observed with pleasure he read them with avidity and apparent conviction. The newspapers of the day were also  
constantly

constantly on his table : and learning from them, and particularly from the famous, or rather infamous, speech of Du Pont, that the generality of those who betrayed their king denied their God, he was seized with a horror inexpressible, and, with a quickness which distinguished all the actions and revolutions of his mind, he rang the bell ; and a servant entering, he desired to see Mr. Saville immediately. Mr. Saville, surprised at this hasty summons, ran up stairs, and, perceiving an unusual degree of emotion in his countenance, enquired what was the matter. Sir George, pointing to the paper, replied : “ My good friend, is

this true, or is it the trick of party ?  
I know your candour equals your  
other good qualities, and can depend  
on your word."

Mr. Saville answered coolly, " It  
was undoubtedly true, and nothing  
extraordinary ; since those who could  
act as they had done must expect  
the scene to close for ever in this  
world, or they would not risk the  
terrors of eternity in the next."

Sir George shuddered at this reply,  
and, asking still farther questions, was  
still more shocked to think he had  
adopted the sentiments and approved  
the conduct of atheists and infidels—  
of

of those to whom murder was sport,  
and sacrilege glory.

Mr. Saville now saw this was a proper time to work on his feelings ; and representing in a cool dispassionate manner the actions of the democrates, from the moment of their gaining an ascendancy to that stained with the blood of their guiltless and unfortunate monarch, he proceeded to inform him, " that whoever led, even in the most distant way, towards a revolution in this now happy, because innocent, kingdom, would be in a degree answerable for all the ills that might follow. Those, Sir George," continued he, " who raise

raise a spirit of discontent only in one man, know not how far the evil may extend, and that it may cause a never-ending calamity. As a proof: had you not been induced by the arguments of Mr. Davenport to infuse rebellious sentiments into the minds of those who followed you to this house, they would have gone on in their old way, quietly and even happily: Mr. Annesley would not have been the object of their anger, and consequently of their vengeance: and, had they not been collected in a body, I should have been safe from their attacks; and but for the intervention of Providence, my brother's activity, and your bravery, what might

might have been the consequences !  
My wife, my child, my property,  
would all have been lost !—And for  
what ?”

Sir George, struck with the force  
of his arguments, and the last in  
particular, wrung his hand, and  
with much emotion requested his  
pardon.

“You have no pardon, Sir George,  
to ask of me,” returned Mr. Saville :  
“you defended me bravely and no-  
bly when you discovered their vio-  
lent intentions : but you were the  
first cause ; and I only wish to con-  
vince you of the impropriety of your  
conduct.”

conduct." He then in a long speech, which it is unnecessary to repeat, as it contained only the best arguments from all those who have so ably exerted their talents for the good of their country, proved to him, beyond a doubt, that a revolution in this kingdom would be its destruction, as it had been that of France; and that without the same plea—since, whatever trivial faults there might be in our Constitution, it was, on the whole, the best calculated to promote the happiness of the people in general: that equality was neither to be wished for nor expected, in a country where every man rose by his merits, and that degree of exertion  
which

which gave a spirit of emulation, without which, like a stagnant pool, we should grow inactive and corrupt; whereas, in the present state of the kingdom, every man displayed the abilities nature had bestowed on him, to raise him to that station he was conscious his merit deserved."

When he had repeated all that occurred to him on the subject, and placed Mr. Davenport's character and conduct in its proper light, he concluded by saying, "And now, Sir George, are you convinced?"

"Indeed, my best friend," replied our hero, "I am; and I blush at the recollection of my folly, and at the discovering

covering what a dupe I have been made. The few incidents of my journey ought to have opened my eyes ; and perhaps they would, had I fallen into the hands of unprejudiced people : but, led astray by the apparently amiable idea of universal justice, charity, benevolence, and religion, I have committed the most flagrant crimes against them all. As an act of justice, I have opposed the laws of my country ; as the champion of the poor, I have taken away their comforts, by displaying to their view miseries they were before unacquainted with ; and, in my universal philanthropy, have headed a party of villains, and in [my enthusiasm might  
(had

(had it not pleased Heaven to place before my view the horrors of the action) have destroyed the virtuous and the innocent, whilst I fancied myself taking the part of the benevolent and humane. Though strongly attached to the religion of my country in particular, and of course to the Christian religion in general, I have followed, applauded, and admired, those who have renounced it—whose crimes, whose barbarity, proved they had renounced it; though till this day I knew not that they boldly triumphed in their infidelity, and gloried in denying the existence of a power superior to their own. Mr. Davenport's conduct fills me with

with disgust. I see his meanness, his duplicity, and am thankful to Heaven that I did not fall a victim to it; and, on a retrospection of my own, I have no comfort but in reflecting that I meant not to injure Mr. Annesley, only to remonstrate with him on what I then thought his injustice: and that with respect to yourself, from the first moment of the party's determining to come to your house, I opposed them; and, when I found opposition vain, only agreed to attend them, from a hope of convincing you that I had taken no active part in releasing the man you had committed."

"Say

“ Say no more on this subject, I beseech you, my dear Sir George,” returned Mr. Saville; “ I have only spoken for your good, and only wish for your happiness.” Our hero thanked him with the utmost sincerity and the entrance of the ladies; now put an end to the conversation.

Considering Mr. Saville and Captain Montague as his best friends, our hero intrusted them with the secret of his unfortunate attachment; nor was Mrs. Saville excluded from his confidence. That lady, who possessed real good sense and much knowledge of the world, was asto-

nished at his relation, for he concealed no circumstance from them.

“ I see,” said she, “ the ar-  
dency of your temper requires a  
check rather than a spur ; yet I must  
say (though I beg you will not suf-  
fer yourself to be too much elated  
by it), that there is a mystery in all  
this not easily accounted for, and  
which I would advise you to deve-  
lop when your health is restored.  
Call on Mrs. Edgeworth, enquire of  
her the precise time when Miss More-  
land became an inmate of her fa-  
mily, and the particulars of her con-  
duct whilst she remained in it. Then  
go to London, and, if you can, trace  
her

her through the means of the pawn-broker : see her yourself ; trust the evidence of nothing but your own senses ; and I have some hopes this apparently strange affair may be cleared up to your satisfaction. There is, Sir George, more consistency in the human character than you perhaps imagine ; and it is therefore very improbable that a young woman, so amiable in every respect as Louisa must have been, from her own story, which was confirmed by the testimony of Lady Milbanke and your servant James Bever, should all on a sudden, without any visible motive, become a disgrace to her sex : it is

not natural, trace it in what way you will. Had she designed to make her fortune by attracting your notice, she would have secured the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson as the leading step to yours. Had she been tempted solely by interest, she must surely have succeeded better by relying on your bounty, than by hazarding her life for the sake of a few guineas—for more it could not have been. To confess the truth, it appears to me, that some person who overheard your conversation took on themselves her name and character, and thus imposed on your friends; though, how she could contrive

trive it, I own I am at a loss to determine."

Sir George, delighted with this idea, willingly indulged it, and resolved to follow her advice the moment it was in his power. Indeed the animation this hope gave him contributed greatly to his recovery; and, in a fortnight from this time, he was well enough to return to Violet Hill, where he wished to spend a few days, partly for the purpose of paying his intended visit to Mrs. Edgeworth, and partly because he thought it a civility due to a family from whom he had received many instances of friendship, and from Mr. Wilmot

in particular during his late confinement.

In the intermediate time, he employed himself in writing to Lord Milbanke and Mr. Thomson; to both of whom the account of his reformation was extremely welcome. Indeed the former knew not his political sentiments, till he received the letter in which Mr. Saville gave him a recital of the accident, at the request of Mr. Wilmot. But of Miss Moreland he said nothing, determined to be fully convinced before he mentioned the subject to any but the Saville family and Myrtilia. The attachment between her and Captain Montague

Montague gave him real pleasure ; and he gladly undertook to use all his interest with Mr. Wilmot to gain his consent to their union. Mr. Davenport quitted the country, on the first intelligence of the rencontre between our hero and Captain Montague, and meant not to return till the man he had so much missed, and might have so deeply injured, had left Violet Hill and its neighbourhood.

## C H A P. IV.

OUR hero took a grateful and affectionate leave of his friends at Saville House, whom he promised to revisit on his return from town; and accompanied by his faithful servant James Bever, who had paid him the strictest and most unwearied attention during his confinement, arrived at Mr. Wilmot's. Rosetta and Fidelia, piqued at not having been invited to Mr. Saville's, and mortified by the coldness of Sir George's replies to their congratulations, began

gan to resign the hopes they had so long cherished. But each, fearing that in giving up her own cause she might forward that of her sister, formed, mutually but secretly, a plan to destroy the expectations of each other : but in the mean time a violent quarrel arising, at first, as most quarrels do, from a mere trifle, in the height of rage and resentment, they discovered their scheme ; and, their fury increasing from this circumstance, they ran down into the parlour, where Sir George was sitting with Myrtila, who had returned the day after him to Violet Hill. Fidelia entered first ; but passion choked her utterance, and, stammering

out some invectives they could not understand, she threw herself into a chair, and waited to recover her breath. Rosetta, who was equally enraged, but less furious, soon followed, and, with that marked sneer which even the height of resentment could not suppress, said, " she supposed Fidelia had been making her honourable confession of the part she had taken in destroying Miss Moreland's happiness and ruining her character."

Rosetta was a perfect adept in every species of irony, except that distinguished by the name of humour, which is only used in pleasantry ; for her irony was of the bitterest kind :

she

she had learned from her childhood every method of tormenting with her tongue, and was completely skilled in using

The guarded phrase whose meaning kills; yet  
told,

The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold.

But at this moment, when her wrath was raised to its highest pitch, her art in some degree forsook her, and, in the pointed sarcasms she threw out against Fidelia, she too frequently accused herself.

The other was a vixen and a termagant in the fullest sense of the words, though her usual air was all

E 6            mildness;

mildness ; and in the present instance, instead of seeking to defend herself, she only thought of pouring her rage on Rosetta ; who, growing every moment more calm, as her artifice conquered her rage, desired the astonished and anxious Baronet to hold her sister's hands and stop her mouth, and she would explain what had so much perplexed him. This request he could not possibly comply with ; and Fidelia becoming still more furious, it was with the utmost difficulty he collected the following particulars from the different expressions they let fall :

That on making their charitable  
and

and benevolent visit to Mrs. Edgeworth to prevent her being any longer imposed upon, they learnt, to their utter dismay, that Louisa had been with her from the time, as near as they could guess, of her parting with Sir George: that, as this circumstance would have defeated all their views, they said nothing of the period, but only mentioned the events that had passed at Warrington, which they declared Sir George would corroborate: but wishing to prevent their meeting, lest an eclairsissement should ensue, they hinted that Sir George was always affected by the subject, and avoided it as much as possible: they were therefore convinced

vinced in their own minds, that, as this was undoubtedly the real Miss Moreland, she who had been at Mr. Thomson's was certainly an impostor. This was the substance of their information; but each accused the other of framing and executing the artifice; alleging, she only consented from a fear of exposing her sister.

Sir George was too much shocked and concerned to attempt a reply; but, darting on them looks of mingled horror and contempt, he seized Myrtille's hand, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear Miss Wilmot, for taking this abrupt leave of you; but I can stay no longer here, lest I should fail  
in

in the respect due to your family, but not due to ———". He stopped an instant in confusion, and then continued: "I shall see or hear of you at Saville House; in the mean time I will write to your father, apologize for my present conduct, and not forget my promise to you." Then hastily shaking her hand, he bade her once more farewell, and left the room.

He sent for his servant, and, ordering his horse immediately, bade James follow him with his baggage to the Star in the county town; and then rode off instantly, and soon arrived at Mr. Edgeworth's. On enquiring for his lady, he was shewn into a parlour, where  
he

he had scarcely time to recover from his agitation before she appeared. After informing her of his name, and apologizing for his intrusion—"Will you, Madam," said he, "allow me to ask you a few questions respecting the Miss Moreland so lately a resident in your family?"

"Undoubtedly, Sir," replied the lady; "as many as you please; though, believe me, I was sorry to find you and I had both been deceived in her."

"There was some mistake in all that, Madam," cried our hero, "which I wish to rectify."

"If

“ If the explanation,” returned Mrs. Edgeworth, “ is in her favour, I shall most truly rejoice to hear it ; for never was there a more prepossessing young woman than Louisa, and I was sincerely attached to her till I heard, from such undoubted authority, she was so completely unworthy.”

Our hero's eyes sparkled with pleasure. “ Will you, Madam,” said he, “ only tell me at what time and at what place you first saw her ? I will then give you my reasons.”

“ I was,” replied she, “ returning from ———shire with my two eldest daughters,

daughters, whither we had accompanied their late governess, who was married to a clergyman; and stopping at ——— to change horses, the woman of the house came out, and entreated, as it was growing late, that I would proceed no farther that night, as there were highwaymen in the neighbourhood. This terrified the children so completely, that for their sakes, though I was not afraid myself, I would not go on, but alighted instantly, and ordering tea, the landlady herself brought it in: and I then enquired what grounds she had for her suspicion. She replied, ‘ A young lady came to her house a few hours before, who had  
been

been stopped, and robbed, she believed, of all that she was worth in the world, as she was still in fits, and exclaimed continually she had neither money nor friends; that the post-boy said she was a foreigner; and added, that he was obliged to return without being paid for the chaise.'

"Struck with horror and compassion at this account, I begged to see the young lady; and she instantly admitted me. As she was now more calm, I learnt that, having lost her father abroad, she came from France to stay with a woman who had taken care of her in her infancy; but that  
finding

finding her and her husband both dead, she was on the point of distraction, when a gentleman, hearing her distress, had given her a bank-note, and a letter of recommendation to a friend of his to take care of her till she could form some plan for her future subsistence. These were inclosed in his pocket book, which, for greater safety, she placed in her trunk, which was in the carriage then waiting for her; consequently had only once read the direction, no trace of which now remained on her mind, which she imagined was owing to her being unaccustomed to English names; and that of her generous benefactor she was ignorant of. That  
about

about half way between the place she left and that she was now in, a highwayman stopped the carriage: she gave him all that was in her pocket; but, that being only a few shillings, he was not satisfied, but insisted on her opening the trunk, and from thence took the pocket-book and all its contents, leaving her in a state of mind more easily imagined than described. She added, she was now totally without friends in this country, or any other; and that she had but one relation in the world—this was a half sister of her father's, whom she had never seen since her infancy; and as her father, from some family quarrel, had kept up no correspondence with

her,

her, she knew not where to find her, and was totally ignorant of every circumstance relative to her, except that her maiden name was Moreland. She concluded her little narrative, every word of which I gave implicit credit to, with an agonizing burst of tears. Much hurt at her distress, and fearing the consequences of so forlorn a situation to such youth and beauty, I offered her an asylum with me for the present. She joyfully accepted it, and the next morning arrived at home. In a very short time I discovered that she spoke the French and Italian languages with the utmost propriety, and was a perfect mistress of painting, and every kind of fine work. This gave

me more satisfaction, as I really began to have an affection for her, and it was now in my power to secure her a permanent establishment as a governess to my girls. She gladly undertook the task, and I every day found greater reason to be satisfied with her conduct, and their progress in all the branches of education she undertook to teach them; till the visit of the Miss Wilmots obliged me to part with her. They asked me the same questions you have done, and I made them the same replies: they then assured me, that of the first part of her story they knew nothing, but believed it was as false as the rest; since you were the gentleman  
 who

who had given her the letter and money ; but that instead of losing it, as she had asserted, she had been at Warrington, where her conduct was so notoriously bad as to render her liable to a prosecution : that she borrowed ornaments of the ladies to whom your letter had recommended her, and had taken them away, together with plate and money to a considerable amount from the family she resided with. On hearing this, I would have questioned her ; but Mr. Edgeworth, whose temper is a little warm, insisted on her leaving the house directly, and would not let me see her, lest, as he said, she should farther impose upon me. He went

up

up to her himself, and, without entering into particulars, only said ‘ she must quit us instantly, and the sooner she went the better, as the gentleman who had seen her at church meant to prosecute her for a robbery, wherever he found her.’ Terrified at this, she began to excuse herself: but Mr. Edgeworth refused to listen; and, ordering the carriage, he sent her off in less than an hour, and we have heard nothing of her since.”

Sir George then, with much emotion, begged to know exactly the day of their meeting; and, learning it, knew it to be that on which he had parted from her at ———; con-

frequently her innocence was evident. Clasping his hands together in an agony of grief and remorse, he exclaimed, " Just Heaven! what is become of the lovely, the injured Louisa?"

He then explained the whole affair to Mrs. Edgeworth, who listened with astonishment and pleasure, mingled with a proper degree of contempt for Rosetta's and Fidelia's baseness; " who," she said, " must be themselves aware that the time did not agree, as they had told her it was many weeks since the affair had happened at Warrington, when they must be conscious it was during

during that period when Miss Moreland was resident under her roof. It will, however, Sir George," continued she, "be a lesson to me in future to take nothing upon trust, but examine the truth of an accusation before I pretend to decide."

Sir George agreed with her as to the propriety of this; and then, convinced he had no chance of gaining any farther intelligence of his beloved Louisa in this part of the country, determined to set out instantly for London, and trace the wretch who had robbed her and then assumed her name. Yet knowing it was too late to begin his journey that after-

F 2                      noon,

noon, he refused not Mrs. Edgeworth's invitation to dinner, and was fully repaid, by hearing the sincere testimony both that lady and her children paid to her merits. The little girls expressed their concern for her loss, and declared unanimously, " though she was always melancholy, she was never out of temper ;" whilst Mrs. Edgeworth spoke of her talents, her understanding, and principles, in terms of the highest and warmest praise. Mr. Edgeworth was absent on a visit : a circumstance our hero by no means regretted, since he would have found it difficult to be cordial to one, the warmth of whose disposition had led him into an error that  
 had

had caused Sir George so much misery. In the evening he returned to his inn; and writing a few lines to Mr. Wilmot to apologize for leaving his house so abruptly, and a letter to Mr. Thomson, giving him a concise account of the important discovery, went to bed with a mind torn by a thousand contending emotions, determining, the next morning as soon as it was light, to set out on his return to London.

## CHAP. V.

**B**EFORE I relate the events of our hero's journey to town, it will be necessary to give my readers a clear account of all that happened to the unfortunate Louisa from the period of her parting with Sir George; who had not mentioned to her his name, from the desire he then felt of concealing his title from the world. This he chose not to explain to her, and therefore was silent on the subject; knowing, on her arrival at the vicarage, his plan would be discovered,

vered, if he had announced himself only as Mr. Warrington; and had he at once declared himself to be Sir George, the people of the inn could not be ignorant of what he wished to keep secret; simply forgetting the address on his letters from Mr. Thomson would at all events frustrate his plan.

All the circumstances Miss Moreland had related to Mrs. Edgeworth were exactly true; but it is not easy to give a just idea of the transport she felt, when that lady offered her an asylum, and she found it possible to be useful to her in the quality of governess: her tranquillity returned,

and her happiness increased every hour, as she every hour grew more attached to Mrs. Edgeworth and her amiable daughters. Of Mr. Edgeworth she saw little but at meals : he was a mere sportsman, rough in his manners, and unfeeling almost to brutality : his behaviour to his wife and family was sufficient to give her a disgust to him, though to her, till the interview preceding their separation, he had always behaved with as much civility as he was capable of. Nothing interrupted the calm serenity of her life but a wish to know the name and address of her generous benefactor, that she might again express the gratitude she felt, and

and inform him of the true reason why she had not availed herself of his benevolent offer, fearing, too justly, he might accuse her of having acted with duplicity. Without being guilty of the weakness of falling in love at first sight, he had made some impression on her heart: she still retained his image in her mind, and, by comparing it with the gentlemen who visited at Mr. Edgeworth's, it soon acquired an ideal superiority; for of his real character she could only know he was benevolent and humane, and this his conduct towards her had fully proved.

The joy she felt on meeting him

F 5

at

at church was mingled with embarrassment, from her scarcely knowing how to begin her justification; and this gave her an appearance of guilt, the consciousness of which she was far from feeling: but the insolent speech of Fidelia overthrew the little courage she had been struggling to obtain; and, before she could recover, they had both left the church. Apprehension, though she knew not of what—disappointment, and mortification, now completely subdued her; and, as the Miss Edgeworths had declared, when called on for their evidence, they could scarcely keep her from fainting during their ride home; and, arriving there, she reached

ed her chamber with difficulty. Caroline Edgeworth, who loved her tenderly, gave her some drops, and staid with her till summoned to the parlour, whither she went with the less reluctance as Miss Moreland was considerably better. But this amendment lasted not long: Mr. Edgeworth in a few minutes entered her apartment, and, in a voice choked with rage, bade her leave his house, accusing her alternately of theft and imposture. It was in vain she declared her innocence, and begged to know who had vilified her. He replied fullenly, “ It was no matter; but that thus far he would tell her—the gentleman she had seen at

church would swear before any magistrate in the kingdom, that she had robbed him of plate, money, and jewels, to a considerable amount; so she had best get off as fast as she could, for he would prosecute her wherever he found her."

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed the distracted Louisa, "tell me his name, that I may apply to him in person, and justify myself; for indeed, indeed, I am innocent; there is some terrible mistake in all this."

"No no," cried Mr. Edgeworth, "there is no mistake; he saw you himself, and could not say his pray-

ers for thinking about it. As to his name, that's all a fetch—you know it as well as I do—so pack up your things and be off, d'ye hear, within this hour, or the constables will be after you. The carriage shall take you to ———, and that's more than you deserve; but you had as good not stay there, I can tell you."

He then left the room, disregarding her tears, and her entreaties that he would listen to her if but for a moment. The agony she was in for some time prevented her from taking any steps towards her removal; but terror at length overcame every other sensation, and she collected her little wardrobe.

wardrobe. Whilst locking her trunk, she heard the carriage drive to the door ; and at that moment Caroline, entering the room on tiptoe as if afraid of being overheard, ran up to her, and, embracing her affectionately, gave her a paper.—“ Mamma sends you this,” cried she ; “ she must not come herself, but she wishes you well, and hopes you are innocent ; and, if not, that you will never be guilty again. I do not very well know what is the matter ; but I am sure I am sorry to part with you.”

“ God bless you, my dear Caroline !” replied Louisa in broken accents. “ Indeed I am guilty of no  
crime,

crime, nor can I guess what I am accused of."

The footman now entered for her trunks, and Caroline, once more embracing her, left the room sobbing violently ; and Louisa, with extreme agitation, followed the servant down stairs, and, entering the carriage, in a short time arrived at the inn ; but, fearful of remaining, ordered a post-chaise, and in the mean time sat down to consider whither she should go, and what method she could take to avoid falling into the hands of her cruel persecutor—for such she now too justly esteemed our hero. On opening the paper given her by Caroline,

roline, she found it contained a twenty pound note; and this removing some of her fears, by supplying her with present support, she returned her warmest thanks to Heaven for not abandoning her in this hour of distress, and then mentally acknowledged Mrs. Edgeworth's kindness; and as she had several guineas already in her pocket, apprehensive of a misfortune similar to that she had before experienced, she disposed of the note and three guineas in a way not likely to be discovered, by fastening them within the lining of her beaver hat: and then, believing she stood more in need of countenance and protection than  
even

even on her first arrival in England, it occurred to her to go to the farm formerly occupied by her old nurse, and enquire whether she had any relations now living, as their recommendation might be useful to her, and she should probably want nothing else. Unlocking her box, she took out a parcel of Mrs. Garland's letters, to identify her if required, and resolved, when once made known to them, to change her name, that she might be concealed from the knowledge of our hero. Having settled this, her mind grew easier; and, when the chaise was ready, she ordered it to the next stage towards the northern road. But, on her arrival,

she

she grew so extremely ill as to be wholly unable to continue her journey; the agitation of her mind throwing her into a fever, which lasted her several days: towards the latter end of the week she recovered, and, pursuing her first plan, about four o'clock on the Friday afternoon reached the place of her destination, having taken the name of Western, and affixed the same direction on her portmanteau.

She would not stop at the little inn where she had before met our hero: it revived too many painful recollections; but, ordering the man to drive to the end of the street nearest

the

the farm, she alighted, and, bidding him wait, walked through a meadow to the house. In her way she met a labourer, and enquiring the farmer's name, he said it was Johnson: she then asked if he was at home, and was answered in the affirmative. On this she walked on, and, repeating her question, was shewn by a girl into a very decent parlour, where the first object that struck her eyes was a piece of her own needle-work, framed and glazed, hanging over the chimney, which she had sent her nurse when a girl about twelve years old. The recollection drew tears into her eyes, and, when the farmer entered, she could scarcely speak.

With

With a rustic bow he enquired her commands, and she replied, by asking if he had had possession of the farm ever since the death of the former tenant.

“ Yes, Madam,” answered he.

“ Then perhaps you can inform me, whether farmer Garland or his wife left any near relations, and where they at present reside.”

“ She was my sister, Madam,” returned he; “ but, excepting myself and a cousin or two, she left no kindred at all.”

Louisa now believed she traced a  
distant

distant resemblance; and, her tears still flowing—"Did you never," said she, "hear her speak of a little girl she suckled, Louisa Moreland?"

"Ay," cried he, "many a time and oft: 'twas she that worked that fine picture yonder, and poor Mary used to grieve so about her in her last illness, because she had heard nothing of her for a long time, and said she was among outlandish people and papishes; for Mary loved her like her own child."

Miss Moreland, quite subdued by this instance of tenderness, replied in a faltering voice—"I am that  
Louisa;

Louisa; these letters (taking them from her pocket) will prove to you I am no impostor: that picture, as you say, was worked by my own hand; my name and age are at the back, with the date of the year."

"So it is, indeed," cried the farmer in much surprise; "you are young Madam Moreland, to be sure; but what, Miss, did you not know our Mary and her husband were dead?"

"Oh yes," returned she weeping, "I knew it too well; I learnt it some time since; and now you shall hear my business with you. I am in great distress,

distress, but it is not for money; of that I have sufficient for my present support: but I have no where to go, no friend in the world; and I am too young, too unprotected, to live by myself. If you have a wife and family, let me board with you for a short time, till I can form some plan for my future subsistence: perhaps even in that respect you can assist me, by recommending me to a place where I may gain a decent living. I ask only your protection."

She paused, impatiently expecting his reply: he was silent for some minutes: at last, "I am very sorry, Miss," said he, "for your misfortunes,

tunes, and wish I was able to do as you would have me ; but, to tell you the truth, the grey mare is the better horse here, and my wife won't approve of your living with us, and that: besides, we have no gentry hereabout, where you could go to service ; being as they're all single men, as comes down once or twice a year a-hunting and shooting and the like, with their fine Misses and Madams : but now I think on't, you ben't so friendless as you do believe ; for 'twas but last Tuesday night a gentleman's servant was enquiring for you ; and when I said my sister as nursed you was dead, and that you had never been here, the footman said, ' his master



master would be so sorry, he did not like to go back with such bad news."

Louisa trembled. "Will that merciless man," exclaimed she, "never cease to persecute me! Tell me, my good friend, whose servant it was?"

"Indeed, Miss, I never thought to ax, not expecting to see you here; but never fear—he'll come again, I warrant him—for he said his master would never rest till he had found you."

"Good Heaven!" cried she, "what will then become of me! Where shall

I go for safety and protection!—for here I must not stay, even if they would permit me.”

The good farmer was much moved by her distress, though believing it only arose from his refusing her an asylum. “I’ll tell you what I can do, Miss,” said he; “you shall bide here for a fortnight; and then I’m a-going farther down the country a good way to arrest a man that owes me for a matter of fifty head of oxen: now I shall not be far from a cousin of mine and poor Mary’s, that lives in a very sober family as housekeeper: now I’ll take you to her behind me, if so be as you can ride double; and she

she is such a good woman, I am sure she will take care of you for Mary's sake."

Louisa joyfully accepted an offer in many respects so eligible, and which would, as she hoped, convey her far from those she had most reason to fear; and was received by Mrs. Johnson with tolerable civility. The farmer himself, at her request, undertook to discharge the chaise and take care of her trunks. She passed the fortnight with more tranquillity than she expected, though not without many fears that the footman farmer Johnson had spoken of would return; and on the appointed day,

tying up a few necessaries in a bundle, and equipping herself as properly as she could for her new expedition, she set out behind the farmer, leaving her clothes to be forwarded if her application succeeded. Here then for a while let us leave Louisa and return to our hero.

CHAP.

## C H A P. VI.

WHEN Sir George arose in the morning, it occurred to him that James Bever, being well acquainted with the person of Louisa, might be employed in searching for her during his stay in town; and now, for the first time, imparted to him all that had passed, lamented his own credulity, and execrated the baseness of the younger Wilmots, yet cautioned him against mentioning their names. James heard him with grief and astonishment, and, forgetting

his master had only seen her for a few hours, wondered he could possibly believe she was guilty of such depraved conduct; but he saw how deeply he suffered already, and avoided saying any thing that might add to his distress.

The first hope of Sir George was to trace her through the means of the postillion who had driven her from the inn he was now at, as Mrs. Edgeworth, to assist his enquiries, had informed him her carriage had conveyed her there; but this hope was vain. The landlord recollected the circumstance instantly, but said "the man had since left his service, and  
was

was gone he knew not whither."

All that could now be done was to enquire at the next stage every way. This was a work of time: James Bever, however, gladly undertook it, hoping to restore the amiable Louisa; and, promising to write to our hero at Lord Milbanke's if any fortunate event occurred, he set out at the same moment that our hero got into the carriage that was to convey him to London.

He proceeded instantly to Lord Milbanke's, and, fortunately finding them without company, related every occurrence respecting Miss Moreland that had come to his know-

G 4                      ledge;

ledge; candidly confessing the part he had acted, at the same time excusing himself by shewing the letter of Mr. Thomson, which, as he knew not of the robbery, was a testimony not to be doubted. The affliction of Lady Milbanke was evident and sincere; and his Lordship, though he had not the same reason, was deeply concerned at the relation, and the dread of what Louisa's sufferings might be in future, forlorn and unprotected as she was. He promised our hero to join him in every exertion for her restoration, and hoped much from James Bever, who was not only a well-principled diligent fellow, but particularly anxious for the fate of

Miss

Miss Moreland, from having once been instrumental to her preservation.

The following morning, the gentlemen set out on the expedition in which, next to regaining Louisa, they were most interested. This was to solve the apparent enigma of the robbery; and for this purpose they went to the pawnbroker's, and, threatening him with a prosecution for receiving stolen goods if he did not confess from whom he had those articles he formerly resigned to our hero, he instantly complied; and giving them a direction to Kitty Harris in the Seven Dials, they went immediately

in search of her. On arriving at the house, they were sent up stairs by a woman in the shop; and, entering a miserable apartment, found the object of their enquiry the victim of sickness and poverty, and so situated as in their humane hearts precluded all idea of revenge. On their opening the door, she lifted up her languid head, and, in a voice scarcely audible, demanded their business. Our hero was too much shocked to reply; but Lord Milbanke, whose longer acquaintance with the world had rendered these scenes less strange to him, asked "if she was the young woman who at Warrington had taken the name of Moreland?" She looked

terrified

terrified at this question ; which our hero perceiving, told her, in a mild accent, “ she had nothing to fear ; they only begged she would relate all she knew of the circumstance he alluded to.” With still greater confusion she promised to comply ; but her voice failed through mere weakness, and she then assured him she had not tasted food that day. On hearing this, Lord Milbanke, fearing she would not be able to go through with the story, ran down stairs, and dispatched a boy from the shop to the next tavern for a bottle of wine and a cold chicken. When he returned, she took a little of the latter, and drank a glass of wine, and, appear-

ing much revived, instantly began her narrative ; but, as we are better acquainted with some of the facts than she was herself, we beg leave to give it in our own words.

Kitty Harris was the daughter of an inferior tradesman in the Borough ; but the ambition of her father and the vanity of her mother inducing them to send her to a more eminent school than she had any right to be educated at, she imbibed higher ideas, and cherished higher hopes, than she had any prospect of gratifying, though in person she was really pretty and rather genteel. Her parents, on her return, saw their

error, but knew not how to remedy it. Kitty now wanted finer clothes than they had any means of supplying her with, and languished for amusements she was far removed from. When they wanted her to stand behind the counter, she sullenly refused; and, when they threatened her with punishment, replied, "she would run away from them;" but of this they had no fear, well assured she had no where to run to. But this was not the case long. To obtain finery was now her sole object; and, to enable her to purchase it, she made no scruple of robbing her father's till from time to time of such small sums as might not be missed. This led  
her

her to still greater crimes, as it enabled her to dress, and afford the expence of public places ; and a companion was only wanting ; for she well knew her father and mother would not let her go alone. Without much difficulty she made a friendship with a young woman who lodged in the same street, whose nominal profession was a mantua-maker. With her she passed most of her time, and with her went to the plays, and such places as her pocket would afford ; and at them increased her acquaintance considerably. The gradations of vice are at first scarcely perceptible ; but its consequences are dreadful and certain. Kitty Harris  
soon

soon formed a connection with a young apprentice ; and influenced by the example of her companion, the regularity of her father's house became irksome, and she consented to elope with him. He placed her in a small lodging in Oxford-street ; and, thus far removed, there was little probability of her parents tracing her ; and for some time she lived in comparative affluence. But this soon ended : the young man was recalled to the country by his friends ; and taking a French leave of Kitty, she was deeply involved in distress and poverty, ashamed to return to her abandoned home, yet afraid of the horrors of a prison, as the mistress of  
the

the house threatened to arrest her for the rent. This, however, she escaped; and, meeting with another protector, who was journeyman in a capital warehouse, was again lifted to a situation similar to that she had been in before. But whether in poverty or affluence, the native depravity of her principles never suffered her to be inactive; and she was only guilty of petty thefts, because, though her genius led her to higher crimes, fortune had not yet given her an opportunity to exert it.

It happened, as it usually does happen, that her keeper, unable honestly to support the expence of a mistress.

mistress and a couple of horses, took  
 the liberty of applying to his master's  
 till ; and this being at length suspect-  
 ed, he was discarded with ignominy.  
 But as no positive proof appeared,  
 he for this time escaped the punish-  
 ment he merited ; and, being deprived  
 of all other means of support, took  
 to the highway, where he gained a  
 precarious livelihood ; but, fearing a  
 discovery if he constantly frequented  
 the same places, he set out with two  
 or three more on a country expedi-  
 tion. They picked up among them  
 a capital sum, and, then dispersing,  
 took different roads to London.

This young man, after riding all  
 night,

night, came in about six in the morning to the little public-house where our hero met Miss Moreland ; and waiting till his horse was rested and he had taken some breakfast, being too far removed from the scene of his depredations even to fear suspicion, he overheard the conversation that passed between them, and witnessed (for the door was a-jar) the gift of the pocket-book, and learnt its contents. A capital prize was now in view, and he determined it should not escape him. He called for his horse, and, waiting to hear which way the carriage was ordered, set out soon after, and, purposely riding slow, would not overtake it till he had reached a spot conveniently

conveniently lonely for his purpose. The robbery was effected without any trouble, for the terrified Louisa yielded it up without remonstrance; and he rode off highly satisfied with his expedition.

On his arrival at London, which was not immediately, as he staid some little time on the road, he flew to Kitty's lodgings, related all his success, flung a few guineas into her lap, and, opening the pocket-book, took out the bank-note and secured it; broke the seal of the letter, and, finding it contained nothing of value, threw it on the fire; but the pocket-book itself, which was very handsome,

some, having a gold lock and silver instruments, he also presented to Kitty ; and, then rising, said ‘ he must meet his old friends at the usual place, as he had promised.’

The curiosity of woman never sleeps. When he was gone, she took the letter from the fire, which fortunately was almost out, and it had received no injury except a little dust, and began perusing it. When she had finished, the possibility of personating Miss Moreland occurred to her ; and she determined to attempt it, allured by the hopes of gain, as the injunction to Mr. Thomson to supply Louisa with any sums she might

might require induced her to believe it might be a profitable journey ; and the intended absence of Sir George afforded her a sufficient time to complete her plans. On looking at the date, she saw only a few days had elapsed, and resolved instantly to put her scheme in execution, and that without saying a word to any one. The next morning, therefore, leaving a message with her landlady that she was gone into the country for a day or two, she set out in one of the northern coaches, and arrived at Mr. Thomson's in safety, giving him as a reason for not being there according to the date of the letter, that

she

she had been detained on the road by illness, which had consumed the little pittance bestowed by Sir George.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomson gave implicit belief to this account, exerted themselves for her comfort and accommodation, and introduced her to all the friends of Sir George, by whom she was received with particular civility, though not with particular satisfaction. Miss Kettering, having lost all hopes of the Baronet, attached herself to the pretended Louisa, wishing to form a lasting intimacy; since, next to being Lady Warrington herself, to be Lady Warrington's

rington's chosen friend was the step now to be obtained ; and this wish actuated many others.

Till I knew the world as well as I do at present, it was sometimes a subject of wonder to me, considering the envy and jealousy that too often pervade the bosoms of the fairer sex, that young ladies, apparently neglecting their own interest, attended solely to that of their acquaintance : but the mystery was soon developed : to be the friend of the Duchesses, Marchionesses, or Countesses, is a much easier attainment than to be Duchesses, Marchionesses, or Countesses, yourself ; and perhaps the kind friend whom  
you

you may have assisted may assist  
you in turn, though in an humbler  
pursuit.

Kitty now endeavoured to recollect and practise all the refinement she had learned at the boarding-school: but in vain; for she had since imbibed much coarseness of manner, and could not wholly check it, though she did in part; and, assuming a great degree of vivacity, concealed from most of the inhabitants of Bellingham the natural vulgarity of her language and address. But Miss Carruther, educated in real high life, and having lived so long among really fashionable

able

able people, was not to be deceived. She thought it strange ; but endeavoured to persuade herself it was in Miss Moreland the effects of a convent education, and the want of knowing English customs ; for Kitty, by finding out Miss Carruther's weak side, and accommodating herself to her foibles, was become a peculiar favourite. In conversation she always addressed her in this way—“ Emily, my dear girl, how good you are to a forlorn stranger like me : ” and this appellation, “ dear girl,” was very liberally bestowed by the artful impostor ; and it succeeded but too well, as the reader is already informed : therefore to dwell longer on

these circumstances would be unnecessary.

When Mr. Thomson, in the goodness of his heart, mentioned the return of the Saxbys, whose servants, he supposed from the contents of Sir George's letter, she would be so happy to see, she was panic-struck by the apprehension of discovery, and determined to leave the country with whatever she could pick up; but before this scheme was put into execution, she was told Mrs. Saxby had discharged both James and Lucy for the assistance they had afforded her; and this, by renewing her hopes, induced her to alter her plan.

“ A few

A few days after this, she met Mr. Saxby accidentally. He had learned she was in the country, and introduced himself by apologizing for the conduct of his wife, and hinted a wish that she had claimed his protection instead of his servants, "as he should have been happy in devoting his future life to her."

She replied, with extreme courtesy, that "even now his protection would not be unacceptable;" and he was too gallant not to take a hint so fairly given. In short, a few meetings more settled their scheme; and it was agreed he should meet her on the road from Sir William Arling-

ton's, and take her to London. This was effected as has been already described, and they set off together ; but their harmony was not of long continuance. Mr. Saxby detected her in an attempt to secure his purse, and discarded her with the ignominy she merited. Kitty then returned to her former lodgings, and, enquiring for her old lover, learned he was apprehended for a burglary which he had committed during her country excursion, and it was supposed he would be condemned. Distracted at this information, she flew to the prison, and, disposing of all her ill-gotten treasure to the pawnbroker, who gave her a trifle compared to their

their real value, promising a farther sum when they were sold, she gave it to her unfortunate lover, to secure, if possible, his safety. In the mean time Sir George visited the pawnbroker, and she was glad to accept the ten guineas, lest her life also should be endangered. But this as well as the rest of the money she could raise was ineffectual: her lover was brought in guilty, and soon after suffered the punishment so justly his due. Kitty then, having disposed even of her wearing apparel to procure him the few indulgencies he required, fell into poverty and sickness; for her constitution, weakened by dissipation and her attendance

on him, could not resist the attacks of a slow fever, under which she was sinking when Lord Milbanke and our hero paid her this apparently unwelcome visit.

Except palliating a few circumstances and excusing others, she related the above history with tolerable precision; and Sir George, far from prosecuting his intended revenge, now only thought how he might relieve her. He drew out his purse, and, cautioning her against a relapse into vice (for she professed herself a sincere penitent), gave her sufficient for her present exigencies. Lord Milbanke then asked a direction to  
her

her parents, and enquired if she would return to them ? “ They will not receive me, I fear,” replied she, her eyes streaming with tears. “ That we will enquire,” returned Lord Milbanke, greatly affected ; “ and, if successful, you shall hear from us again tomorrow.” She endeavoured to express her thanks : but her voice failed ; and, before she could articulate, they had left the room.

They went directly to the Borough ; and painting the scene they had witnessed in the most pathetic colours to Mr. Harris and his wife, they consented to receive their miserable child ; and when resentment for her

crimes had subsided, parental tenderness overcame them, and they would have gone to her instantly : but this Lord Milbanke would not permit ; he said, " in her state of health, such a surprise might be fatal ; but he would prepare her to receive them the following morning." He then gently hinted, that all her errors were originally the effects of an education improper for her station in life : to this they assented, and promised to atone for it by every effort in their power, to restore their unhappy child to health, to virtue, and consequently to happiness.

On leaving the Borough, they went  
once

once more to the poor girl, and informed her that the next day she might expect her parents, who had promised not only to receive but forgive her; and then entreated she would cautiously avoid the slightest temptations to vice, and persevere in a strict penitence. In a transport of gratitude she fell on her knees, and, after thanking them for reconciling her to her father and mother, declared, in the most solemn manner, "she would strictly adhere to their advice," assuring them that "the miserable and untimely end of the man with whom she had lived so long had its proper effect on her mind,

by proving the folly as well as the danger of unprincipled conduct."

They now left her, and had the following day the satisfaction of hearing she was removed home with less difficulty than from her weak state could have been expected; and our hero, inclosing a bank-note, wrote a few lines to the father, desiring it might be appropriated to procuring her every assistance her melancholy situation required. He thus acquitted his conscience with respect to Kitty Harris, who certainly deserved not so much attention, if the rules of justice were only to be considered; but

but Sir George Warrington always  
remembered,

“ The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
It droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven,  
Upon the place beneath : ”

And his own bosom proved,

“ It is twice blest :  
It bleffeth him that gives and him that takes. ”

## C H A P. VII.

OUR hero now meant to devote every hour to the search for Louisa, in which Lord Milbanke intended to assist ; but their plan was frustrated by a letter from Mr. Thomson, informing him that his steward was dangerously ill, and wished if possible to see him before his end, to resign all his accounts into his own hands. This request, though it came very *mal à-propos*, Sir George resolved instantly to comply with ; and, taking a hasty leave of his uncle  
and

and aunt, set out the same day : but, on his arrival late in the evening, heard Mr. Wharton was so much recovered as to be out of danger ; the gout, which had been flying from his head to his stomach, being now settled into a regular fit. He would not, therefore, visit him that night ; but the next morning went to his house, which was situated in the park, and, after staying with him a short time, proceeded to Mr. Thomson's, with whom he spent the remainder of the day, conversing on past events, and mutually regretting the imposition that had been practised, since the consequences were so unfortunate. But the good Vicar sincerely rejoiced

rejoiced to see his young friend so much improved in mind and person, and to learn from himself, that his understanding was cleared from those errors which had overclouded it when they parted. Indeed his improvement in every respect was too visible to escape notice. An acquaintance with the fashionable world, the society of informed and polished men, of amiable and elegant women, had given a dignity to his own manners and address, and a refinement to his language and conversation, that had been only wanting to render him a complete gentleman; and Mr. Thomson had now the satisfaction of beholding him all  
 he

he wished. His attachment to the beautiful Miss Moreland had also contributed its share to this alteration in our hero: perhaps, indeed, love alone might have effected it; and Louisa, like Iphigenia, without any foreign aid might have polished this rustic Cymon—"a swain" (for he was not a clown) "who never dreamt of love."

When our hero returned home, about eleven o'clock at night, the conversation of the day had so strongly impressed the image of Louisa on his mind, that, certain he could not rest till his thoughts had taken another turn, he dismissed the servant  
who

who attended him, saying " he should read for an hour or two," and bade the man go to bed. On opening a book that lay on the table, he found it was not congenial to his present sentiments, and resolved to look for another. No other, however, was in his apartment; and, taking up the candle, he walked slowly and silently along the gallery, at the other end of which was the library, lest he should disturb the family, who he imagined were all quiet. But a faint light flashing across at a distance convinced him he was mistaken. On approaching nearer, he saw it proceeded from the study-door, which was half open; and, on looking in,

saw a tall figure in white, with a light in her hand, at the farther end of the room, taking down a book from one of the higher shelves. He was startled, but not terrified, at this appearance, well convinced it was none of his own family : but what were his emotions when, on her turning half round, he discovered his long lost, long regretted Louisa ! Surprise for a moment totally overcame him ; he disbelieved the evidence of his senses, and almost imagined that the wildness of his fancy had raised an illusive form to cheat him into momentary happiness. But anxious for conviction, and forgetting the place, the hour, and the terror

he

he must excite, he threw open the door, and, flying towards her, caught her in his arms, exclaiming—"Have I then found you, most beloved, most adored of women!" He could say no more: a loud scream from Louisa at once convinced him of the folly of his conduct; and she fell senseless at his feet. The alarm brought Mrs. Newel the house-keeper from her apartment; and, terrified at the appearance of her master and the situation of Miss Moreland, she summoned the other servants, and, calling for drops, endeavoured to restore her to life; but in vain: her disorder resisted all the efforts of medicine; and our hero

walked

walked the apartment in an agony of grief and despair. After repeated applications, she shewed some signs of returning sense, and in the same degree Sir George found his hopes revive.

When tolerably recovered, he gently approached her; but on his attempting to speak, he was interrupted by her addressing him with a mixture of apprehension and dignity—  
 “ Why, Sir, do you thus persecute a defenceless and unhappy being, who is not conscious of having ever offended you? You have already driven me from one secure asylum, and deprived me of the only friend  
 the

the whole world afforded me. Do not again force me to seek another refuge; at least tell me what it is you accuse me of—inform me how I have injured you?”

Mrs. Newel's surprise was extreme: she thought the fright had deprived her of reason; but Sir George's answer calmed her terror. He threw himself at Louisa's feet, and besought her to hear him.

“ You have,” said he, “ indeed been cruelly treated, but believe me I was innocent: it was the Miss Wilmots who, under the mask of justice and benevolence, vilified you to  
Mrs.

Mrs. Edgeworth : but she as well as myself is now undeceived ; and if, Miss Moreland, you can condescend to forgive a man who has been undesignedly the cause of your misfortunes, my future life shall be devoted to proving the sincerity of my repentance, and the extent of my gratitude."

Miss Moreland's astonishment was extreme, and her anxiety to understand his meaning was no less : but it was too late for an explanation that night : he promised in the morning to relate every thing, but entreated she would then retire, as he saw her spirits were still too much agitated

agitated to bear any farther conversation. She complied with his request, and, attended by Mrs. Newel, went to her apartment. Sir George also returned to his, but was unable for some time to compose himself.

Let me now account to my readers for the unexpected appearance of Louisa at Warrington Castle.

During her journey with farmer Johnson, she entreated she might be introduced to his relation by the name of Western; alleging she had very strong reasons for wishing to be unknown; and with this request he complied. On his arrival at Warrington

rington Castle, where his cousin was  
 housekeeper, he related all he knew  
 of her story—said “she had been  
 suckled by his sister, but had not  
 a friend in all England”—and begged  
 her protection for a time, and that  
 she would, if possible, recommend  
 her to some way of life where she  
 might gain an honest livelihood.  
 This was the sum of the good  
 farmer’s speech to Mrs. Newel,  
 whilst the trembling Louisa waited  
 in the park to hear what her recep-  
 tion would be. Indeed it was every  
 thing she wished : Mrs. Newel came  
 out, and, begging her to walk in, as-  
 sured her of every attention in her  
 power to bestow ; and added, as her  
 master

master was now absent, and not likely to return for a long time, she was mistress of the Castle and all it contained.

This intelligence was very agreeable to Miss Moreland, who would not have liked to be the inmate of a large family; and farmer Johnson had the satisfaction of leaving her well, and happily settled with his benevolent relation, who grew every hour more attached to her young guest: but her spirits, so long harassed by alarm and anxiety, now at once gave way, and she was seized with a violent nervous fever, which obliged her to apply to physical advice.

vice. Mrs. Newel attended her with the utmost kindness ; and she was only just recovering when the illness of the steward occasioned the return of Sir George. This circumstance the housekeeper carefully concealed, knowing it would distress her ; and as she slept in a chamber looking into the garden, and had yet only left it to go into the study, which it joined, she thought she might keep it a secret for some days at least. Had Louisa been accused of any thing but absolute fraud, she would have told every circumstance to her kind friend ; but, as it was, cautiously avoided the subject, as she could only deny, not disprove, the fact ; and

there was something so degrading even in the suspicion, she could not bear to avow it. Or had Mrs. Newel been of the common character of housekeepers, and given her an account of the imposition so successfully carried on at Mr. Thomson's, the whole mystery would have been at once revealed ; but, as this was not the case, they each remained in utter ignorance.

On the evening this important discovery was made, Louisa, finding herself disinclined to sleep, went into the library, from the same motive that brought Sir George. What passed in consequence of their meeting

ing

ing has been already related; but when Louisa retired with Mrs. Newel, the latter, who had heard Sir George address her by the name of Moreland, could no longer conceal her knowledge of the events which so lately occurred at Warrington, and instantly related all that had passed at the vicarage to the astonished Louisa, who now understood why she had been so unjustly accused, and of what. In return she confessed to Mrs. Newel the whole of her history; and the good woman sympathized in her troubles, and rejoiced they were now at an end.

The next morning, when our hero

I 2

and

and Miss Moreland met, an entire explanation ensued ; and Sir George informed her that she had a tender and expecting relation, who would afford her the protection she wished for, but he added a slight hint of the hopes he had ventured to indulge, which, he said, “ he knew Lord and Lady Milbanke would endeavour to strengthen.” When their conversation was at an end, he flew to the vicarage ; but Mr. Thomson and his wife were already acquainted with the happy discovery through the means of a servant, who was impatient to be the first to tell the news, as he called it, of the right Miss Moreland’s being come to Warrington

ton

ton at last. Mrs. Thomson now anticipated his wishes, and invited Louisa to stay at their house till she was well enough to attend her aunt. This invitation she readily accepted; and Sir George, conscious she could not remain with propriety under his own roof, was well pleased at her being in a family where he might be a constant as he was always a welcome guest, and could avail himself of every opportunity to obtain an interest in her affections.

His next step after her removal was to write to Lord Milbanke, Mrs. Edgeworth, and Captain Montague. The former answered his

letter in person. Lady Milbanke had been confined with a slight fever, and could not accompany him; but he was charged not to return without her niece, if she was well enough to bear the journey: and her health being now re-established, she prepared to attend him. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson could not part from her without great reluctance, as from her society they had received as much pleasure, as they had experienced pain from the visit of their late unprincipled guest. But they were consoled by a well-founded hope, that it would not be very long before she would return in the character of Lady Warrington.

This

This important discovery soon reached Bellingham; and those families in particular who had countenanced the pretended were now impatient to know the real Miss Moreland: but her late illness and naturally retired disposition prevented the indulgence of their wishes. But Mr. Kettering, purposely making a visit to the good Vicar, was fortunate enough to see her; and the report he carried back of her extreme beauty and elegance was by some disbelieved, by others unwillingly credited; but the young ladies were singly and unitedly of opinion, that, if she were as handsome as possible, Sir George might

have had a wife as beautiful and accomplished without going so far from home.

## CONCLUSION.

AS those events of the life of Sir George Warrington which I have taken upon me to relate are drawing towards a conclusion, I have little more to say on the subject. Louisa experienced a most affectionate reception from her aunt, and found in Lord Milbanke's family so happy an asylum, she could not have wished to change it for another, had not the merit of our hero in due time had its proper effect on a heart which was not an insensible one ;  
and

and she acknowledged, with a frankness that did her honour, he was the only man for whom she had ever felt the slightest degree of preference, and that her esteem and affection for him were decided and sincere.

Satisfied with this confession, Sir George began every preparation on his side, and Lady Milbanke took care her niece should be in readiness for the happy day that was to unite them. In the midst of this bustle, Lucy Clerke was not forgotten : she was easily traced to her aunt's, and Sir George bestowed on her a bountiful reward for her attention to his beloved Louisa, and engaged her as  
 Lady

Lady Warrington's future attendant.

James Bever returned to Portman-square, from his unsuccessful search, just after Lord Milbanke had received the joyful intelligence, and attended him to Warrington. The unfeigned joy with which both James and Lucy met her, on whom they had formerly bestowed such an almost unreturnable obligation, could only be equalled by the gratitude she expressed. Indeed this testimony of her merit would have been a sufficient evidence in her favour ; but her virtues were now not only conspicuous but acknowledged. She did not

not in her prosperity forget any of those who in distress had soothed, and in adversity supported her. To Mrs. Edgeworth she wrote a very grateful and affectionate letter, accompanied by a present for the children equally valuable and elegant. To farmer Johnson's family she also sent such things as were at once useful and suitable to their station in life.

The Savilles were at this time in town; and Sir George had great pleasure in introducing them to his esteemed relations, and his beloved Louisa, for whom they had long felt a particular interest. They informed him Mr. Wilmot had consented  
without

without hesitation to bestow his eldest daughter on Captain Montague, and that Rosetta and Fidelia met with the universal contempt they merited.

Their society was soon rendered complete by the arrival of Myrtille, who was in a few weeks to give her hand to the Captain. Miss Wilmot and Louisa were too equally amiable not to esteem each other warmly; and the former expressing a wish to reside in the neighbourhood of Warrington, Sir George with much pleasure informed Montague of a house at that time vacant in his neighbourhood. Mrs. Saxby had so highly

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ly resented her husband's conduct with respect to Kitty Harris, that a violent quarrel ensued, which ended in a separation. He chose to fix in the metropolis, and the lady to live anywhere but at Barclay Manor, where she had rendered herself an object of contempt and ridicule. Of course it was to be let; and Captain Montague, without hesitation, immediately engaged it.

Kitty Harris lingered a few weeks, and then expired a sincere penitent. Her parents at first lamented her untimely fate, but were at length reconciled by the reflection that she was not cut off in haste, but had  
leisure

leisure to repent of her past crimes ;  
and they humbly hoped her penitence  
would be accepted.

The same day witnessed the union  
of Captain Montague and Myrtilla  
Wilmot, of Sir George Warrington  
and Louisa Moreland ; and the sun  
never rose on four people more de-  
serving of every blessing this world  
can afford. The sincere yet ardent  
passion of Sir George is well repaid  
by the real and tender affection of  
Louisa, who, from having been so  
long tossed by the tempests of life, is  
now more deeply and more gratefully  
sensible of the unclouded prospect  
around her, and more thankful to  
I that

that Being, who preserved her in innumerable dangers, and has at length bestowed on her as unmixed felicity as in this life we ever dare hope for or expect.



FINIS.

